TOUCHING TRUTHFULNESS.

Copyright: 1803: Bu The Tribune Association When Moore had left the log house where he had hung the door, Salome had stood outside in the nlight for a long time, with the hound sitting near her. She could hardly be said to be thinking of her lover. She was merely not thinking at all The Florida night was all about her. The monotonous level was never monotonous to her, least of all now. She liked to hear the movements of unseen birds in the trees. She liked to take in, with all its inexpressible, serious beauty, the very spirit of this bewitching land, this land which had healed her body.

Mrs. Gerry sat in the doorway. She could hardy restrain herself from telling her daughter that must not stay out in the night air. But she remembered that the night air no longer harmed the girl. Nothing harmed her. There was not an hour that had passed since her coming here that had not been full of healing and beneficence to For the first time she was in a climate so thoroughly congenial that merely to live was a tlesing. She was well. She had thrown off the shrming symptoms with that rapidity of which routh is sometimes capable when influences are accarately adjusted.

Now her mother could not remove her gaze from that slight figure that was alert with life and with that happy prescience which in itself is an

But Mrs. Gerry did not like Plorida. If she had been given to expressing herself with great strength she would have said that she hated it. Everything, in her eyes, was wrong; for was not everything different from New-England? And to compelled daily to see such people as Job Maine and his wife-that experience alone would have made her miserable. And these were almost the only people she saw. She had to buy chickens of them at exorbitant rates. If Mr. Maine did an errand for her he charged her well for it. Of late salome had insisted upon bringing out parcels from Augustine when she returned from her work with Mrs. Darrah. And it was only of late that Mrs. Gerry had really decided that Salome was amply able to do this. It was so strange not to continually shielding the child and taking care of her. At first the mother would demur, and the girl would say : "But you know, mother, I haven't

Now, as Mrs. Gerry; with relaxed mind and body, sat in the hard, straight chair in the entrance to their hut, Salome suddenly left her musings by moonlight and walked straight up to her mother. She leaned against her in silence for a After a while she asked:

"Do I look like any of my relations, mother?" Mrs. Gerry was used to abrupt remarks from her daughter, so she only smiled slightly as she an-

"You always used to look like my mother, and at times like her father. Now you grow every day to have his expression. You are so mixed; but then we are all that way."

"Like her father? That would be my greatgrandfather then, wouldn't he? What kind of a man was he? You never talk about him." Perhaps I haven't. But then one doesn't give

much talk to grandfathers; and I have had other things to think about-you, for instance." Mrs. Gerry was instinctively bracing herself. She hardly knew why. Salome was liable to take

up a whim and follow it. And she had always been pertinacious in the most unexpected direc-"Yes, I know I've been a great anxiety to you.

But what kind of a man was your mother's father?" repeated Salome. Still she was not thinking very strongly' even

of what she was saying. While she had been standing out there in the moonlight it had occurred quite powerfully to her that she was not at all what she would have called a New-England girl. Such girls were proper and narrow and rigidly upright; they never had an "accidental thought," possible pulses" were not immediately . They were, above all things, "reliable." were reliable because they could not help

This was the way Salome Gerry inwardly described the typical Yankee girl. If she did not her adjectives correctly she none the less thought that she so chose them. And s have described herself before she left home in those words. Particularly would she have warned berself against the possible pulses of those accimust be avoided. It was the irregular, excep-tional things which had such astonishing power; and astonishing power, in the creed of the common-place, must of course make for evil-until it should be labelled and arranged. Anything which had been labelled and arranged, however, could no longer be considered abnormal or exceptional.

As Salome stood leaning by her mother's chair these thoughts went confusedly through her mind. She was often confused in these days. Everything outside was so different, and all her inward life was still more different, if that were possible.

There were brief snatches of time when Salom would feel an acute wonder as to why she felt no repentance for the crime she had committed. It was a crime. There could be no doubt of that. And Moore had spoken very severely of such a erime. Though, perhaps, that man down in Tampa had done it for his wife. It was rather curious that Salome came to assert to herself that the man

in Tampa had done this deed for his wife. Now she recalled her somewhat wandering thoughts and asked once more what kind of a man

her great-grandfather had been.

This time Mrs. Gerry replied promptly: Everybody loved him."

The girl fixed her eyes on her mother's face. But was he good?" she inquired.

"He was not what we call conscientious," was Mrs. Gerry made a quick resolve. She took

Salome's hands and gently drew the girl into her "He was not a Northern man. He was born

down here in the West Indies. He was—well—I know what you are thinking. You are like him in many ways. But I did not know it. I only suspected it before we came South. Now I know belong in the South. It is in your blood, this feeling you have since you came here."

Salome did not seem particularly impressed with this information. She lay with her head quietly on her mother's shoulder and her arm around her mother's neck. Her eyes were intently fixed upon the banana leaves which were slowly waving back and forth in the soft wind.

Miss Nunally and I were talking about heredity the other day. She thinks that if we really be-

Mrs. Gerry's arm tightened around her burden. he wished to exclaim sharply, but she did not said with calm emphasis:

She is wrong. She is utterly wrong. Such a belief would updermine all desire to be good; all

"What is principle?" inquired the girl.

"Salome!"

Salome pressed her lips softly to her mother's

"Of course I know. Am I not your daughter, you principled creature, you? And didn't I go to Sunday-school when the weather was good and you thought I should not take cold? The other ay-now listen to me, and don't be shocked-I

An expression of intense pain crossed Mrs. Ger-

went on.
"It was about that venison, mother. net I did because I thought it would make your once confided to her aunt Florence that if she had once confided to her aunt Florence that if she had not come down to Augustine for the express not come down to Augustine for the express purpose of ketting a husband, and if all her family purpose of make arrangements for something else. hat I did because I thought it would make your hat I did because I thought it would make your had easier. And it was of no earthly good to

have you blame him."

Again the girl gently kissed her mother's cheek And her mother said nothing.

"When I was at home and half ill, you know. continued Salome, "I never said the least thing that wasn't true. I'm almost sure I did not. But did not really care anything about the truth for its own self, mother. Somehow it seems as if people ought to care involuntarily for the truth's call sirens; and you really ought to be chained to sake, just as they would care for a friend, because they can't help it. I never cared that way. Walter Redd cares that way. I was ill and afraid I was going to die, and full of notions, and I did not dare not to be truthful. And I made a great talk about my conscience. I was just awfully good, wasn't I, mother? But I was afraid. I was afraid of death, and of God. Now I'm not afraid of death at all; it seems so very far off that I can't be afraid of it. And God-well, he doesn't seem terrible to me any more-and when things look as if they would be easier and more comfortable all round if I didn't tell the exact truth, why I'm not afraid any more, you see.

Salome lifted her head and looked into her companion's face. Then she uttered an exclamation

"Oh, mother! Do you feel so badly as that Is it so very dreadful? Do you give me up? 1 wanted to tell you." Mrs. Gerry's arms clasped the girl with painful

"Give you up!" she said, sharply. "Oh, no! no! Nothing could make me do that, child. I

love you, and I am your mother." But Mrs. Gerry could not keep the agony out of

ber face. She bent her forehead to her daughter's shoulder for a moment. She felt Salome's hand tenderly smoothing her

Truth was the foundation of everything. That was the dominant thought in the woman's mind. There could be nothing without truth. What were all the graces, all the amiability in the world without that one attribute? What would Salome When should she believe Salome?

Do you wonder that the woman should suffer thus? This woman to whom simple uprightness absolute integrity were as the breath of her nosbreath? The person of merely acquired virtues receives no such shock from any dereliction. Mrs. Gerry was born with uprightness in he

soul, and she had nourished that gift all her life She had a feeling that her daughter was wonder ing that she should be so much moved. Salome inciplent phthisis any more," and she gayly did as had expected her mother to be grieved and displeased, but she had hardly anticipated anything

The girl put a hand each side of her mother's face and lifted it so that she could look into it.

Mrs. Gerry thus gazed into the clear, loving weetness of the girl's eyes. The knife-like question, "How much is she really responsible? flashed through the woman's mind. But she had always held that people were responsible, directly so. Responsible or not, a person must meet the consequences of his thoughts and his deeds.

Mrs. Gerry tried to regain her self-control. She tried to speak in her usual calm manner, when she

"Salome, when you tell me anything must I ask myself whether it is true or not? To know that you have said it ought to be just the same as

knowing it is the truth." "Yes," said Salome, still looking into her moth-

"Why do you say yes?" questioned Mrs. Gerry "I say it because I know one ought to tell the truth, since that is what you have taught me." "But don't you know it for yourself if no one

had taught you?" Salome shook her head. "I can't tell about that," she answered. "I suppose I know it; but I'm not quite certain, somehow. I think my moral vision must be kind of blurred, don't you, mother? But please, please don't feel so badly! and let us talk of something else. The night, for instance. And let us imagine how cold and snowy it is at

home where father is." Mrs. Gerry knew perfectly well that it would do no good for her to pursue the subject further Perhaps it might never do any good. She had an intolerable sense of helplessness

"It was time several days ago to hear from your father," she said. "I have been trying not to be anxious. We have not heard since you sent that money to him."

The two talked a few moments about paying Uncle John, and about affairs at home. Then Salo-me said good-night and laid herself down on the bed. She was soon asleep. But the mother, though she took her place beside the girl, did not sleep. She lay watching the moonlight through the interstices between the logs, and thinking, thinking.

The fragrant air from the ocean and from the

pines blew into the room.

Mrs. Gerry was very quiet. But she did not close her eyes. When the mocking birds gave out their first flutings to the new day she heard them. It was quite early on that day, even before Salome was ready to go into the town to her daily appointment, that a figure appeared in the path

that led to Augustine. Salome was washing the breakfast dishes in rather a desultory fashion, stopping every now and then to stroll for a moment out of doors. It was upon one of these strolls with a tin dish in her hand that she saw this figure. She recognized it, and hurried out to meet Miss Nunally.

"What has happened? and why are you not on horseback?" asked Salome. Nothing has happened. And I am not on horse-

back because I prefer to be on my feet," was the answer. "And I thought we might walk back together." "So we will. But you must have risen at an

unconscionable hour-for you." "I did. I have been rehearing all night on of Lady Macbeth's speeches, and consequently did not sleep."

Salome thought Miss Nunally looked haggard. "Why did you choose one of Lady Macbeth's speeches," she inquired, "when there are so many other people who have said more agreeable

things?" "Because it was so appropriate," was the an

"Don't you think you are very odd this morning?" asked Salome, with some concern. "And do you mind telling me what speech it was?"

Yes, I am odd, and I don't mind telling you It is 'Out, damned spot!' Isn't that deliciously tragic? You see, there isn't any blood on my hand. But Major Root kissed it last night, which Salome gazed at the newcomer while she con-

tinued to pass the towel round and round the tin Mrs. Gerry now came from the hut, and in the greetings that passed Portia resumed her usual ex-

pression, which seemed to be a mingling of pride and courtesy. " When the two girls were on their way to the town, both under Salome's large umbrella, they kept silent for so long a time that it seemed as if

Miss Nunally had, after all, nothing to say. It was Salome who broke this silence. "Is Major Root a big man with a red face and a

loose-looking mouth?" "I've seen him in the Ponce grounds with you,

and I've wondered--A pause. "Well," Portia turned quickly, "what have you

"Why, how you could endure to have him near ou; and how you could smile at him as you did. If you should smile at me that way, Miss Nunally, should certainly kiss your hand-unless you for-

"You shouldn't wait until I forbade you." The two paused as if the interest of their conversation, mild as it looks when written down, was still so great that they could not continue their walk. Portia was looking with winning eyes at her companion, who had always held for her something quite out of the ordinary. She had

And it was that poor boy's fault, and I hated to one, she should have liked above all things to

"Let the child alone," Mrs. Darrah had said peremptorily. "You would bewitch her." Portia opened her eyes at this.

"You credit me with-- " she began; but Mrs. Darrah ruthlessly interrupted her, "You know you bewitch people, Portia," she said. "You are one of those things they used to

a rock somewhere. Here Portia lifted her upper lip in that way which showed the tips of her teeth-a way which was not a smile.

"It will be quite sufficient if I am chained to a husband, I think," she answered; and Mrs Darrah had replied with a laugh that she fancied it rould also be quite sufficient for the husband Now as she stood with Salome this little con-

ersation returned to her. Salome's face was still pale, but it had not now the pallor of ill health; it was of that peculiar hue which denotes extreme sensitiveness, and the dilating and contracting pupils of the eyes conveyed the same impression. She looked, however, more able to bear this continual play of feeling across her consciousness. She had not now the

aspect of an invalid "I wanted to tell you something," said Miss Nunally at last, "but you are so very frank about

that big man with the red face and the looselooking mouth that you make it almost impossi-Salome let her umbrella suddenly swing over

back and drop on to the sand. She seized her companion by the wrist. "You are not going to marry that man!" she

" But-but--"

Salome found a difficulty in going on. She turned away, picked up her umbrella, and stood a little apart with it over her head. Her shining, distressed eyes were fixed upon Portia. She was thinking of Moore and of how she loved him. Could it be possible that any woman, least of all the woman before her, could love Major Root? Salome was ignorant of many things. She could never quite bring herself to believe that a woman could decide to marry a man whom she did not love. She was a very simple-minded girl notwithstanding the complexity of her character.

"But what," coolly asked Miss Nunally. There was, however, a flush on the speaker's face and that same aspect of the brows which had

been apparent the evening before.
"I was going to ask," said Salome with some stiffness, "if you love Major Root. But it is not necessary to ask that. If you think of marrying him of course you love him. Miss Nunally made no attempt at a response for

Miss Nunally made no attempt at a response for some moments.

She stepped within the shade of Samone's umbrella and put her arm about Salome's waist. Her face was so grave, so troubled, that it hardly seemed to be her face. The diableric which was often so pronounced and so charming was all gone. She almost looked old. And it is not years merely which age women. Portia Nunally had lived five years in one all her life. She had never economized in sensation, emotion. She was a spend-thrift in every way. That old motto, dum vivimus, vivamus, had always been hers. But her rose leaf skin was not injured, nor the lustre of her eyes dimmed. She possessed that rare gift of the gods which enables one to sleep like an infant the moment one's head is placed on the pillow.

If cares vexed and wearied her, she could throw herself on her bed and fall into that calm and beautiful repose which is represented as coming only to the people with burdenless consciences. She had come to reckon with a dangerous assurance upon this power of recuperation. She had hardly yet learned that the body, even though long suffering, never forgets its revenges. And the preceding night she had not slept as well as usual.

"I told Mr. Moore last evening." she now began

the preceding night she had not slept as well as usual.

"I told Mr. Moore last evening," she now began abruptly, "that I dreaded telling you of my engagement: that you were not the kind of girl to—to—. It is surprising that it should be so difficult to finish some sentences, Miss Gerry. And then, it is not in the least necessary that I tell you I am going to marry Major Root. And yet I have had for some hours a morbid desire to tell you with my own lips, and receive—your congratulations!"

Portia smiled as she ceased speaking.
Salome withdrew herself from Miss Nunally's arm with an involuntary movement, of which she seemed unconscious. But she immediately placed herself again close beside her as she said:
"I can't conceive that a woman can do such a thing. But then perhaps I can do things which would be impossible to you."
Something in the girl's manner made Portia forget her own affairs for an instant.
"What things, for instance?" she inquired quickly.

Salome hesitated. "I do not always tell the exact truth," answered

that regard for truth that I ought to have, and what is far worse, I don't suffer because of it."

"Oh!"

Portia's eyes sparkled with delight. She said she wished she had a blue notebook such as Aunt Florence used. Then, seeing Salome's annoyed expression, she begged her pardon.

Salome did not know why she had such a strong impulse to tell Miss Nunally about that forged check. To her mind it was not nearly so bad as Portia's engagement to Major Root. When she had begun to speak just now she had fally intended to tell of that. She did not know what kept her from speaking those words. It must be, she thought, because she feared that her mother would not like to have her do so. Her mother did not know; but ber ideas were very strict.

"I knew you would not approve of my engagement," now remarked Miss Nunally. "I don't know why I should care so greatly whether you approve or not. I don't intend to care the least in the world what any one thinks. Most persons will say I'm a very lucky girl. I'm getting a trifle passe you know. People have begun to ask 'What, isn't that Nunally girl married yet?"

"Why should you marry at all?" innecently questioned Salome. "Surely a woman need not think flat she must marry."

"It is astonishing how many things you don't know," cried Portia.

"Yes, that is true," was the modest reply.

Miss Nunally took her companion's hand and held it closely.

"I suppose you think you are in love," she re-

suppose you think you are in love," she re-

marked.

"I know I am."

"You have not a shadow of doubt?"

"Not a shadow.

Portia flung rather than dropped the hand.

"Mr. Moore hasn't a doubt, either, "she said.

"But for all that, Salome Gerry, you two may be deadly tired of each other before two years are gone."

gone,"
Salome gripped hard the handle of her umbrelly.
"You make me feel as those crows did when they
flew over us the other day," and she shrank slightly as she spoke.
"How was that?"
"Oh-horribly."
Having said this, Salome gathered herself to

"Oh-horribly."
Having said this, Salome gathered herself to go on.
"Of course, a marriage for what seems to be love may turn out badly. But any other kind of a marriage mast surely turn out so—1s so from the beginning. Miss Nunally, do please tell Major Root that you have changed your mind!"
Portia seemed to set her teeth together.
"There's only one thing in all this world that could make me tell him so," she answered.
"What is that?" quickly.
"Oh, I shall not-reveal that. Do you know," taking Salome's hand again, "it is quite on the cards that I should hate you?"
"No! no!" cried Salóme. "Tell'me why!"
"No! no!" cried Salóme. "Tell'me why!"
"I must be your lovely spirit. "Salome thought of the check she had sent to her father. She remembered that she had not a strict regard for the truth, and, having remembered these things, she wondered somewhat painfully what it was that this girl could mean by speaking of her "lovely spirit." And she also asked herself how people could be so very much mistaken in her. There was Randolph Moore—with a quickening of the pulses as that name came to her mind—she was quite sure he believed that she had a lovely spirit. It seemed quite impossible to understand herself. Only, she was afraid she was not like what people thought her to be. So she supposed she was deceiving every one all the time.

So she supposed she was deceiving every one all the time.

In the confusion of mind which accompanied these thoughts she turned to Portia as if that girl might be able to help her in some way. She found that Miss Nunally was watching her with the utmost interest. She could not resist an increasing confusion, which showed itself in her eyes and in the curves of her lips. She wished to say something, but she could not speak. A feeling of resentment toward this emotion was growing within her. Apparently nothing had happened to cause this.

As the two stood there Mr. Job Maine, his mule

this.

As the two stood there Mr. Job Maine, his mule and his cart came slowly along from the direction of Augustine. He had been into the town; he had made what his wife called a "soon start" in the morning, and he was now on his way back.

Although it was not yet nine o'clock he had had a little whiskey, and this whiskey made him very amiable, He informed Salome that he had brought.

Kitchen Economy

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a letter from Massachusetts for her mather, and he added the information that Massachusetts was a mighty good State. Then he gave his male that succession of kieks which resulted, at last, in the

This incident appeared to change the current of conversation between the two girls. They now walked on quickly, Salome having come to a sense that it was time that she hurried to her appointment. And they talked only in the most indister-

ent way.

It was hardly more than an hour later, and while Mrs. Darrah was in the full tide of successful dictation in the novel of sentiment, that the door of the room opened unceremoniously but very quietly, and Mrs. Gerry appeared.

Her face was pale and set. She was dressed in her best black wool dress and her black bonnet. She held a bag in her hand.

Salome glanced at her. Then she dropped her pen and ran to her side. She seized her mother's disengaged hand and held it tight.

"Mother!" she cried, "what has happened?"

NOTES FROM BERLIN.

PRINCE ALFRED AND THE DUKE OF GOTHA.

A ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES WHICH RUNS A RREWERY-THE SULTAN'S HORBY.

Berlin, Jan. 7 .- Among the recruits who will enter eldest son of the Dake of Edinburgh, and Prince Frederic Heinrich of Prussia, son of the Regent of Brunswick. The young men will take service—like all royal princes man without a title ever held a commission. and every nobleman in the Empire is ambitious to be

tocrats, however, are successful in their applications Prince Alfred promises to become a popular member old Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, he will have all the money that he can desire. His Royal Highness is now practically a German. He has been a student at the classes, and speaks German like a native son of the hall-fellow-well-met among his comrades. It is not likely, however, that his future army comrade will ever succeed to the Regency of Brunswick, even were the honor hereditary. Prince Albrecht, the handsomest living Hohenzollern, a perfect giant in stature, it is said, will resign his responsible post in a short time. administration has not met success. The Prince is not efforts of the Hohenzollerns, still love the members of the Cumberlands will hardly be fulfilled. One paper declare Brunswick "Reichsland" before the present

relegical ebservations, to cost about 50,000 marks. In Goettingen is intended for use on the private estate public square in Constantinople. The latter Instru His Majesty himself drew the designs. The klosk will be gilded, and rich paintings by well-known artists will adorn the inside walls. pointed to watch over the instruments by the Sultan His Majesty expects his subjects to be extremely grateful for the present, which will be an ornament to the

brated for his democratic ways and interest in the gypsies. A short time ago a party of Hungarians ties and the palace treasures. As no guard stood at the great gates, the men entered the grounds with ease. Seeing a man clad in a bine biouse, high, heavy bools, coarse trousers, and wearing the cap ommon to laborers, who was sawing the branches from a great tree, the spokesman asked him if celving an affirmative answer, the Hungarian begged

the workman to act as guide.
"With pleasure," came the answer, "as A few minutes later he started on a tour of the

grounds with the party, explaining everything with a ninuteness which estonished the travellers. Are all the servants of His Imperial Highness as intelligent as yourself ?" asked the leader, after listening to a long and elequent description of a piece of

"Many of them are much more so," came the mod-

est answer.

When the Hungarlans were about to leave the park they took up a collection and handed three guiden to the workman as a reward for his labors. The money was accepted with thanks. Before going through the gates, however, they asked a small boy whether it would be

"Oh, yes," he said; "there he goes now in the blue

and told the Archduchess that evening that he had earned a good dinner. The three guiden he intends to keep as a memento of his ciceronian experience. The members of the gypsy colony which His Im-perial Highness recently established at Alesuth continue to flourish. They have elected him a Voyode of the tribe and call upon him to stand as godfather to all the children born in the colony. The Archdula laughter is also deeply interested in the bronze-faced

children, and never falls when she goes to Vienna to

bring them presents suitable to their life and con-

with the wedding of Princess Margaret of Prussla to Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse promise to be the most brilliant in the history of Berlin society. This will be due in part to the fact that the Emperor's birthday occurs on January 27, two days after the marriage of his sister. It is His Majesty's intention to celebrate the two events, in a sense, as one. royal guests, therefore, will take part in festivities lasting almost a week and will have many reasons to

remember with pleasure their sojourn in this capital.

It is still uncertain whether the Crown Princess of Greece will be present at her sister's marriage. Despite all contrary reports, it is said, on good authority, that

Greece will be present at her sister's marriage. Despite all centrary reports, it is said, on good authority, that the Emperor has not torgiven the Princess for her conversion to the Greek Church, and declined to send her an invitation either to the marriage or to the entertainments in honor of his hieldads. So many princes and royal people will be present during the week that some difficulty will be found in discovering places to house them. As they will be entertained at the expense of the State, the tanyayers, in view of the probable increase in the army, are not particularly happy. They have one consolation, however, in knowing that no other Prussian Princess will be married for a number of years to come.

The Academy of Sciences of Denmark, which recently celebrated the one hundred and fifteth anniversary of its founding in Copenhagen, in the presence of the kind in the world. It is, too, the only learned society which runs a brewery, strang, the only learned society which runs a brewery, strang as that may seem. When Carl Jacobsen, the owner of the famous brewery "Ganile Carlsberg," died a few years ago, he left to his widow several million crowns and his magnificent palace and park. His son also inherited enough motey to make him one of the solid capitalists of Denmark. But the great brewery, according to the testament, went to the Academy of Sciences. Among the conditions attached to the gift was the obligation to preserve the "excellent character of the beer and the reputation of the brewery," That this might be the more cashy accomplished, the wise testator directed that the income from the brewery should be put aside until a sum of three million crowns had been accumulated. The income from this fund, which was reached a few weeks ago, is to be used in running the brewery on the lines laid down by the former owner. The

disputed possession of the Academy of Sciences, and the Income. 1,200,000 crowns a year, is to be devoted to the prosecution of its work.

Topin the death of Mine. Jacobsen, it should be folter also, the great priace and park, with a salary of 15,000 crowns, are to be placed at the disposal of the "greatest living Danish celebrity, man or woman," for his or her licture. The members of the Academy are to decide upon the person worthy of the Academy are to decide upon the person worthy of the honor. This chause of the will promises to cause discontent and dissension, as it will be difficult for scientists, lowever learned and impartial, to say who is Denmark's greatest celebrity. But Herr Jacobsen deserves to rank among the great benefactors of the présent century. The Danish Society, in all probability, will take suitable steps to preserve his memory and the records of his kingly generosity.

CAN CROWS COUNT.

A PENNSYLVANIA FARMER CONVINCED THAT

Lacevville, Penn., Jan. 17 (Special),-" I got th

frop on a flock of pesky crows last spring," said an old farmer on the Susquehanna River Valley of ingenuity to do it. The crows didn't care of a wing for the effigies of men that I placed in the field as soon as the corn was planted. The black and they got so cheeky that they lit upon the but of the senrecrows, cawed and cronked and made fun of the sflent old men. When they had acted in tha the lower limbs of trees in different parts of the placing them on their stomachs with sticks in their fronts, so that they looked at a distance as though they were real men lying in walt for the black corn thleves. The new attitude of the scarecrows puzzles the crows for a day or so, and they had several noisy conventions over the discovery in the edge of the woods where they sought shelter whenever a person ntered the field. The crows flew shy of the tree where the bogus men lay on the limbs, but before the end of the week they made up their minds that the scratched up corn right under them. Then I strung twine across the field and hung up bunches of new as before, I planted it over, erected three noisy windmills in the lot and thought I had got the best of the black rascals at last, but I found by the middle of the week that I had flattered myself too soon The crows watched the windmills from their perche in the woods and had fun among themselves. pers, and on the second day, every time the wind died away, the cunning birds alighted in the field and scratched up corn till the windmills began to clatter again, when they flew to the woods and talked it all On the fourth day the crows took posess'o of the cornfield and acted as though the windmills had been put up for their special entertainment They didn't fear the windmills any more than they did the rest of my devices, and I came to the con-clusion that I wouldn't be able to raise any corn that

When I and my men had replanted the corn haybarn that stood in the centre of the lot gave me an idea, which I at once proceeded to put into prac-I sprinkled two quarts of corn on the surface e field near the barn, and then I and one of the loaded two double-barrelled shotguns and secreted ourselves in the barn, where we could blazcovered corn. The rest of the men went to the other end of the farm, out of sight of the corufield. We stayed in the barn for four hours withou seeing a single crow settle down in any part of the The crows knew that we were in the barn, and we could hear them cawing in the edge of the woods, they were cunning enough to keep out of the cornfield. Then I started for the house, supposing that the crows would alight in the loose corn soon w me leave the barn, so that my man in

the barn might shoot some of them. He stayed there for two hours, and the crows remained in the woods on the watch. Then he came to the house, and he hadn't been out of the field two minutes when thirty or forty hungry crows flew to the uncovered corn and gobbled it down in a hurry. It was about sunset then, and the crows sailed back to the woods without scratching in any of the thils.

"The next morning I sprinkled a lot more corn in the same spot before the sam was up. Pretty soon the crows began to fly around its scarce of a morning meal, but they hadn't settled on the cornield when one of the men and I went into the barn with our guns. We stayed till two of the other men had gut their breakfast, when they relieved us. After we had enten we returned to the barn. Not a crow had come near the cora, and three of us walked to the house with steks on our shoulders to represent guns, thinking to make the crows believe that there wasn't a man in the barn, and the crows have it for they didn't go near the planted or unplanted corn in the two hours and a half that he remained there alone. Then four of us went to the barn in single file. I stayed with the one who had been lying in wait for the corn thieves, and the other three marched to the house with steks on their shoulders. The trick completely outwitted the crows. They couldn't keep count after more than three men had appeared between the house and barn. They were satisfied, in their own noddles that all the men had left the barn, and before the three men had been out of the lot two minutes there was a great caving in the woods, and in mother minute or so a big flock of crows safed toward the barn. They were so sure that no danger lurked in the barn that they immediately dropped on the corn I had sprinkled there for them, and went to picking up the kernels as though they were fail starved. Both of us blazed away at the tilek flock with both barrels, and when we ran out we found that we had killed and crippled seventeen crows. More than that number got away. The s

DR. RUSSELL'S SEA SERPENT.

From The London Spectator.

Dr. W. H. Russell, the well-known correspondent of "The Times." publishes in that Journal on Friday a remarkable letter on the "Senserpent." He says that in 1851 he heard from a venerable lady of unmistakable character a full account of the appearance of a seaserpent off the Bay of Greiss, in the Isle of Lewis, which was wounded with bullets by the fishermen, and for some time lay with its head extended on a rock. It left some of its scales there, and some were given to Dr. Russell, but he unfortunately lost them. They were as big as scallop shells. He affirms also that Dr. Joass, Minister of Golspie, walking by the sea near Dunrobin, saw an immense sea serpent, as did also Lady Florence Chaplin, who was walking with him.

the sea near Dunrobin, saw an immense sea serpent, as did also Lady Florence Chaplin, who was walking with him.

The letter is of course only a contribution to an immense mass of evidence, but it is noteworthy because everybody knows Dr. Russell, and knows that, atthough he may unconsciously paint up a description, the does not invent and is a singularly keen judge of evidence. Of course his letter will have no manther of weight, for the multitude has made up its mind that there is no sea serpent, and in the face of that plebiscitum what is the value of facts? A true demograt ought to believe even now that the sun goes round the earth, for the immense majority of mankind is on that side.

HENRY L. PIERCE AND PRESIDENT GRANT.

HENRY L. PIERCE AND PRESIDENT GRANT.

From The Roston Globe.

"Henry Wilson and Henry L. Pierce," said a wellknown teller of political stories, "were great friends,
known teller of political stories, "were great friends,
it think Mr. Pierce did what no other man ever did
with a President of the United States. Without consulting Mr. Pierce, President Grant made ah appointment in Boston which was very disasteful to Mr.
Pierce, who was at that time in Congress. As soon
as he heard it he sought out Mr. Wilson and beth
called on the President, who refused to change his
ideas on the appointee,

"With firmness and respect Mr. Pierce, arising, said:

"Mr. President, I consider this appointment a peri
sonal insult to me, and I shall never forget it."

"He never did, at least so far as President Grant
was concerned."

THE GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

A little girl of five was asked what she studied at school.

Little Girl-Geography, history, arithmetic and reading.

tions.
Lady-Well, can you tell me what State you live in?
Little Girl-I got through with that last year; I only know the general directions.

New-York Central's North Shore Jamited is the great afternoon train for Chicago.

SOCIETY IN VIENNA.

THE CARNIVAL DECLINING.

Two great fetes inaugurated the carnival here on Monday last, the one at the Imperial Palace; the other on the ice. The court ball was of unusual brilliancy, notwithstanding the absence of the Empress, who is now travelling in Spain. Her place was taken by the Archduchess Maria Therese, whose husband is heir-apparent to the throne, and it was to her that were presented the debutantes, among the fairest of whom was Miss Julia Grant, daughter of our Minister. Miss Grant, like all the other young girls present, was arrayed in white, while her mother appeared in an exquisite Parisian creation of rose-colored velvet, bordered with feathers of the same hue broidery. She likewise wore some beautiful dismonds, and her totlet was greatly admired. The favorite style of dress among the ladies present was the princess robe, and some of the shot silks had a remarkable effect under the soft and brilliant electric light. The modified Empire and Marie Louise toilets were also much patronized, the overdress being of lace fastened with brilliants. The ball took place in the old Redoutensaale of the palace, which had not been touched in fifty years, and which has now been entirely renovated, furnished with electric light and hung with priceless Gobelin tapestries. The court made its entry at o'clock; the Emperor conducting the Duchess of Cumberland, who is a sister of the Czarina and of the Princess of Wales, and who were her celebrated pearl necklace, while the Duke of Cumberland escorted the Archduchess Maria Therese, who was arrayed in a sky-blue moire antique dress, richly embroidered with gold. I may add that only two of the ladies present carried bouquets. They were two brides-namely the Counters

Gabrielle and Marguerite Harrach. On the same evening the fancy dress entertainment which has been in preparation for the last fortnight took place on the ice of the Stadtpark, and proved a great success. At one moment, however, it appeared on the eve of being turned into a tragedy. A couple of white horses in the procession shied at an elephant, and dashed agross the bright mirror of ice from one end of the place to the other, dragging for some distance the mediaeval hunting sledge in which sat two women and a child. Strangely enough, they escaped without injury, but a young girl in the crowd, in endeavoring to escape from being run over by the horses, fell and broke her leg. This was the only casualty of an otherwise most amusing festival, during the course of which almost every animal, both of present and antediluvian times, made its appearance on the ice.

Notwithstanding this brilliant inauguration of the carnival, there are loud complaints that the once celebrated "Fasching" has lost much of its former gayety and brilliancy. Johann Strauss, who may well be described as the King of the Vienna Carnival, attributes this decline partly to the fact that the young men of the present day have become too lazy to dance, and partly, too, to the increasing cost of ball dresses. He declares that the rivalry in toilets has assumed proportions which quickly enrich dressmakers, but impoverish middle-class households. The price of a ball toilet of the present day would suffice for several weeks of a summer trip, so that the latter is now preferred. Herr Strauss, however, is hopeful, and declares that our ballrooms will once more be filled when simplicity in dress again becomes the fashion.

Accustomed as we are here to hard winters, the present one is of altogether exceptional severity, and so firmly is the Danube frozen over that a passage across it has been opened just above the city, at the foot of the Kahlenberg. Usually the river is impassable, even in the severest frost, because the great boulders of ice that come down with the current push up against each other and freeze together with their sides uppermost this winter the frost has come suddenly, and the floating ice stopped all at once, so covering the entire river in the neighborhood of this city with mirror ice. Meanwhile, most of the country around is snowed up. The trains are not yet running to Buda-Pesth nor to Trieste. In the wooded plains of the Danube not far from here the game is dying in large numbers, and hares and deer, being unable to move about in the deep snow, lie down and freeze to death. The whole city is covered with snow, and along the splendid Ringstrasse mounds of snow are piled twenty feet high. So heavy has been the snowfall here that me of the suburban portions of the capital are

Let me advise those of the readers of The Tribune who propose to travel in Europe during the coming summer to avail themselves of the opportunity to visit the small town of Fogarasch nection with the Hungarian capital by means of a railway. It is in Fogarasch that is stored the great silver treasure of the Hungarian gypsies. Whenever wandering gypsies obtain any money they invariably buy some silver object, and to secure the safety thereof they deposit it with a certain merchant of Fogarasch. By far the greatert number of these silver objects belongs to the seventeenth and eighteenth entaries, but there are some much older. When the fair is held at Fogarasch the gypsies redeem their property to have a look at it, and drink from the goblets as they feast. At the conclusion of this carouse is the time to purchase them, as when they are sober the gypsies will not sell these valuable remnants of an artistic period. After the fair they deposit them and go their way. Intending tourists may like to hear that four fairs are held thereon the Thursday after Whitsuntide, on the 20th

of July, on September 9 and December 6.

From The St. Louis Republic. Apropos of the incident related in last Friday's "Republic" of the death of Zipp, the big elephant at Baraboo, Wis., from having swallowed a chain weigh-ing ninety pounds, a case is related by Dr. Hume, of Denver, who recently registered at the Lindell. "Just prior to the demise of the much-lamented Phineas T. Barnum I was touring in Connecticut, and called upon the great showman at Bridgeport, who in-vited me to see the circus animals in winter quarters. On arriving at the great caravansary where the won-

On arriving at the great caravansary where the wonders that tour the country year after year are stored, the illustrious owner was informed that Beta, the prize trick elephant, was alling. All the symptoms of the poor beast pointed to the fact that she way suffering from acute gastralgia, and means had been ified to relieve her without avail.

"It was finally discovered that Beta had by some means wrenched off an iron bar from her stall, and as to could not be found it was surmised that she had swallowed it, which accounted for the gastric irritation of the valuable pachyderm.

"Mr. Barnum saw that poor Beta must soon succept to the infammation caused by such a large foreign body, and with ready wit resolved on a unique plan to remove it. Attached to his large winter hotel was a small colored boy who went by the name of Nigger Joe. He was but little larger than a full-grown 'possum, and P. T. seni for him and explained that he must take a rubber tube in his mouth to breathe through and with a rope round his waist must go down into the elephant's stomach and get out that bar, of iron.

"Joe rolled his eyes and demurred, but he knew his employer too well to refuse. Accordingly Joe was annointed with a pound of vaseline, and Beta being safely gagged he was gently pushed down the giant occophagus head first, a smooth stick well offed landing him at the bottom. According to lastructions, it was needless to say that Beta's life was sayed and that Nigger Joe was handsomely rewarded for his cure of the valuable elephant's indigestion."

From The Atlanta Constitution.

The sicet which fell on Wednesday night loaded the trees along the line of the Georgia Southern and Florida so heavily that some of them fell and one dropped across the track. About 3 o'clock in the morning a passenger train came along. The storm was so severe that the engineer could not see ahead, and his engine went over the tree with a bound. The baggage car was broken into splinters, and the coaches behind were scattered through the woods in various directions. The engine ran on for 100 feet after jumping the tree and then struck out in the forest, finally landing against a giant pine.

One coach went off on the other side of the track and ploughed through the mud for a few rods. The sieeper was the only car which did not leave the rails. Among the passengers in the Pullman was Dan Bourgee. He says that he woke up, but thought the few was nothing more than the usual bump which the Central gives in coupling at Macon.